

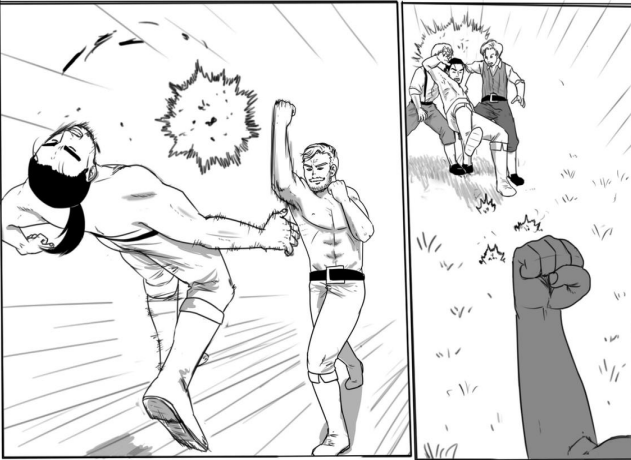
Mortal Weapons

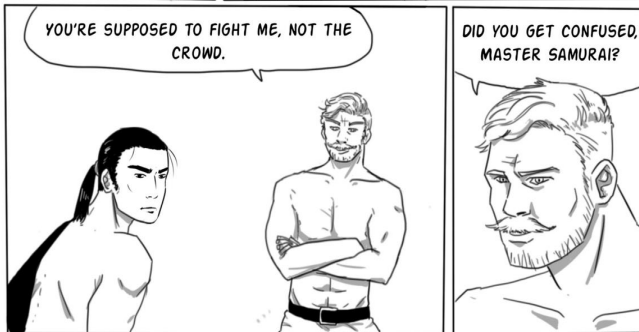
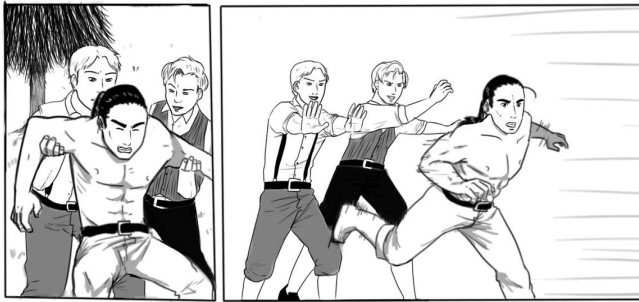
PRESENTED BY

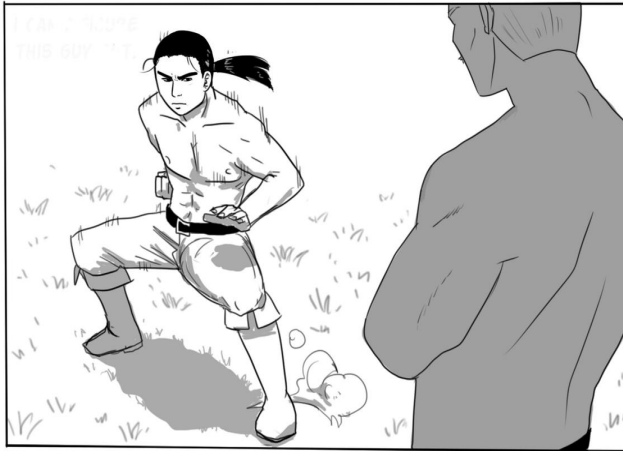
Modern Martial Artist



This graphic novel is dedicated to Wes, the man who helped raise me like I was his own. The man who set aside time to watch the first episode of Power Rangers ever aired with me after I got back from school, the man who introduced me to Enter The Dragon and Bruce Lee, the man who told me Spiderman bed time stories where I was the hero, and the man who greatly influenced my life-long passion for martial arts, films and comics. Thank you, I don't know where I'd be without you.







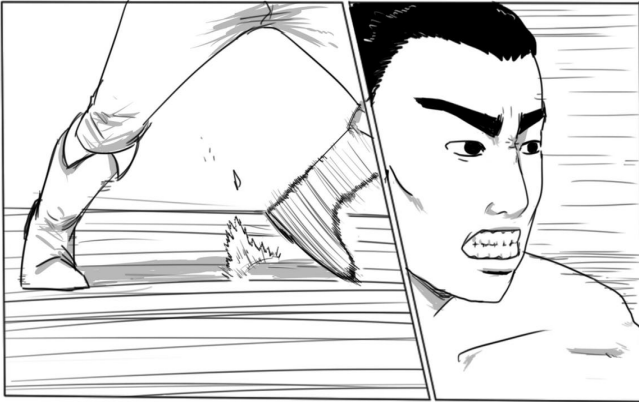
I CAN'T FIGURE
THIS GUY OUT...

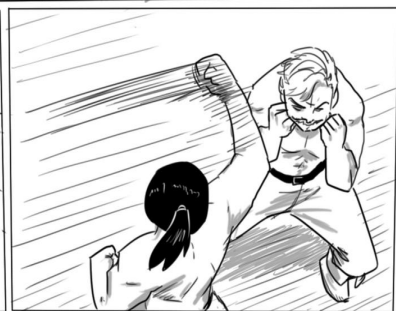
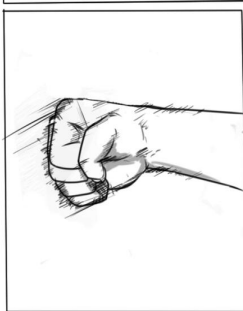
THESE BOXERS MOVE
UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE
EVER SEEN BEFORE.

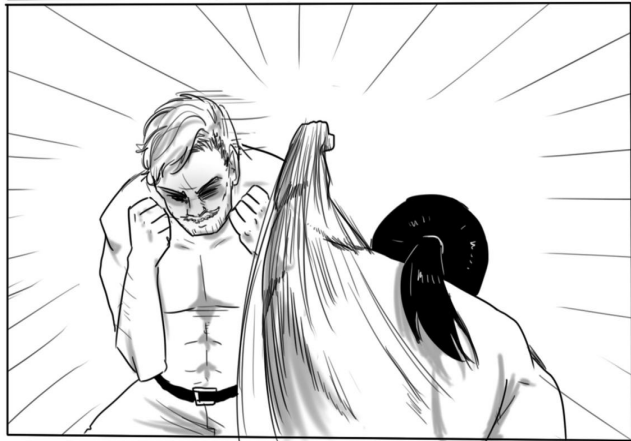
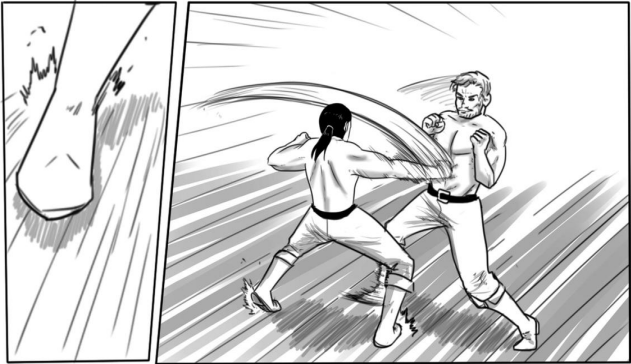


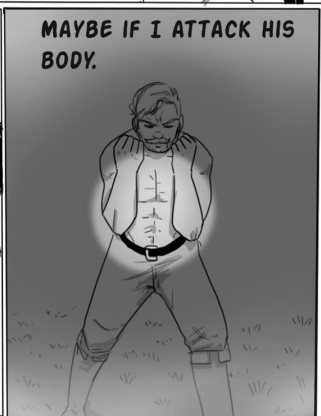
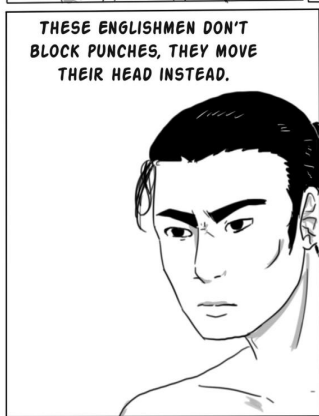
SOMEHOW HE KEEPS MAKING ME MISS. BUT HOW?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

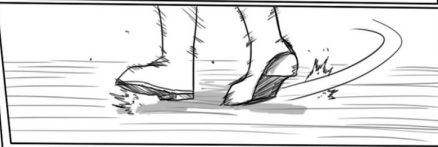


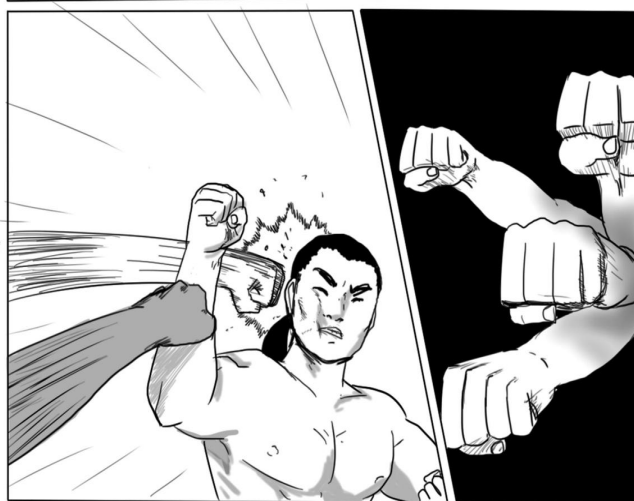
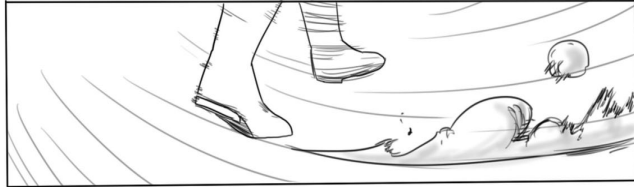
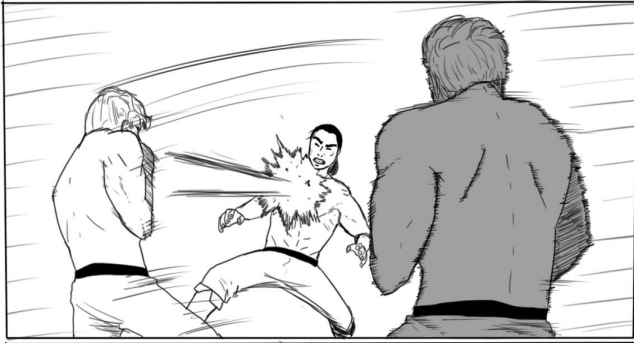


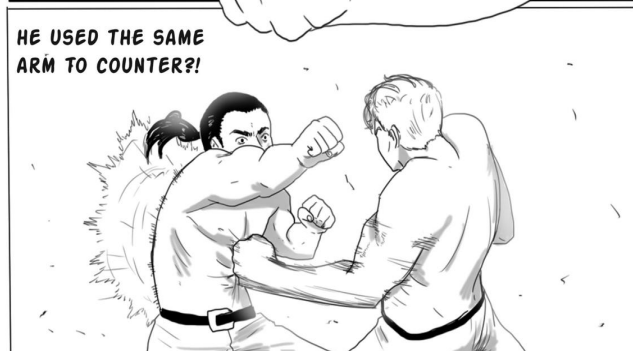
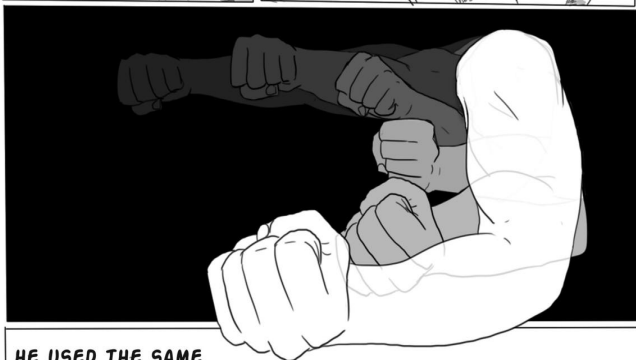
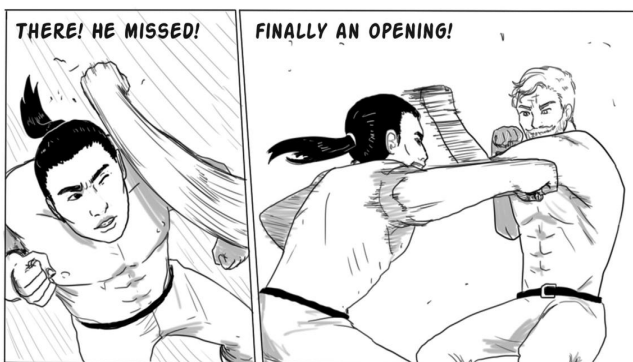






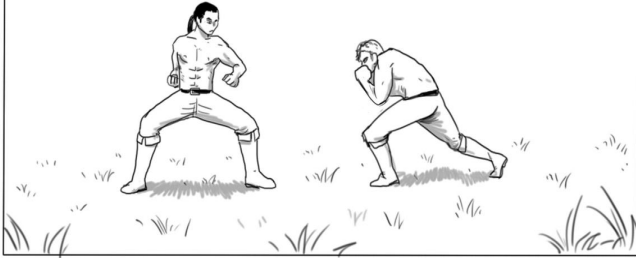








BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH THESE RIDICULOUS RULES.
I'D GIVE EVERYTHING I OWN TO BE ALLOWED TO KICK.



I'D DRIVE MY SHIN
RIGHT INTO THAT
BIG FOREHEAD...



EACH TIME HE
DIPPED DOWN
LIKE THAT.



BUT THERE HAS TO
BE A WAY.

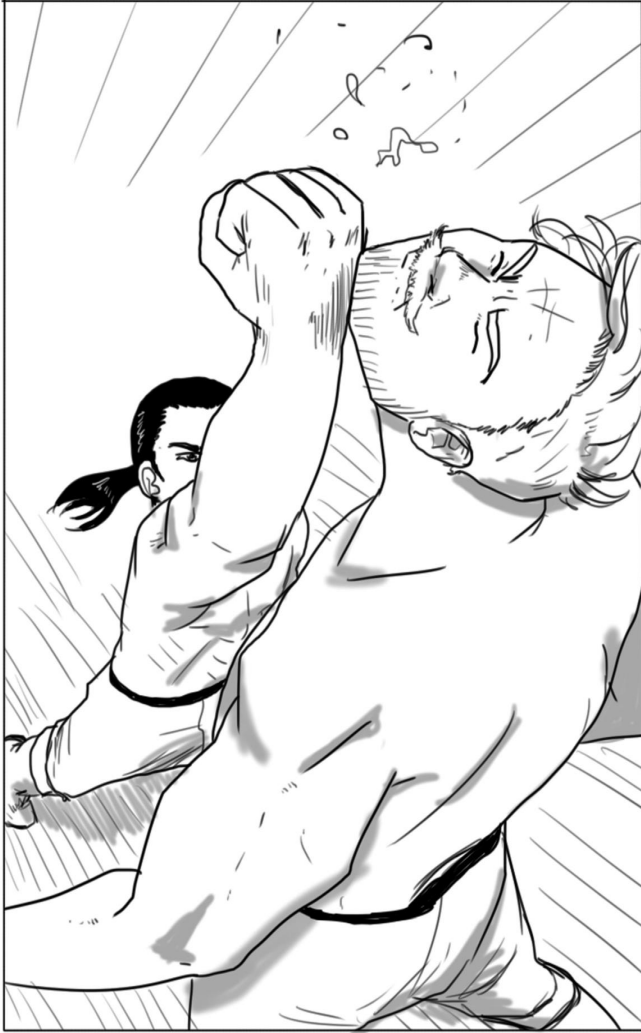


WHAT WAS
THAT
STRANGE
STRIKE HE
THREW
BEFORE?





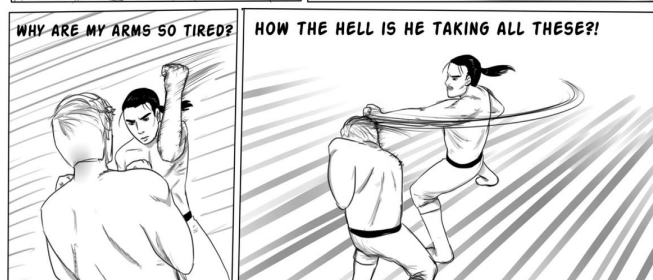
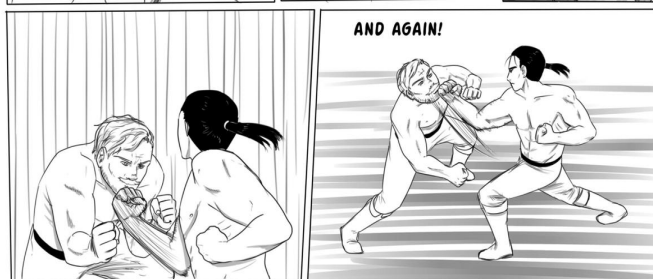


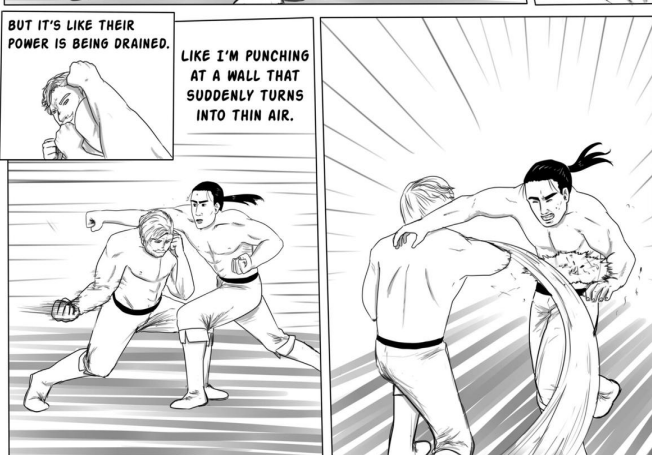
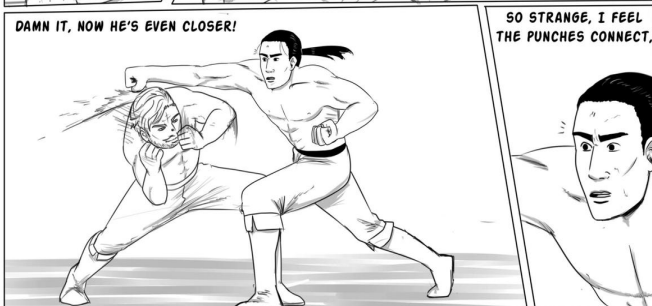
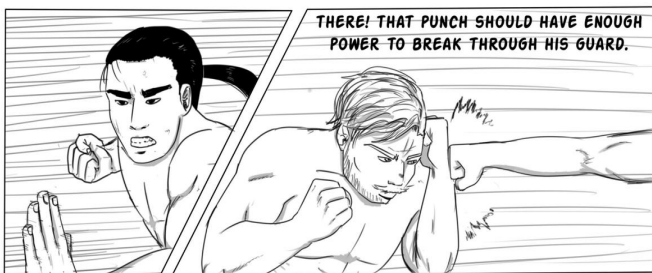








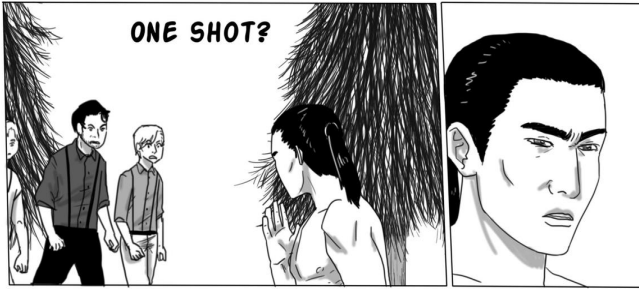
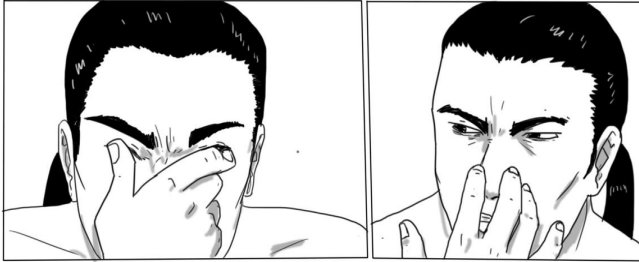






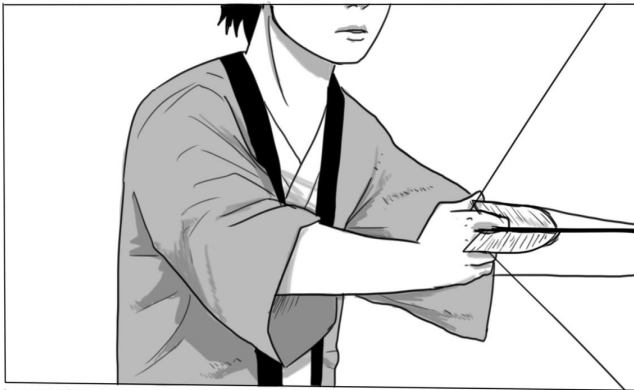


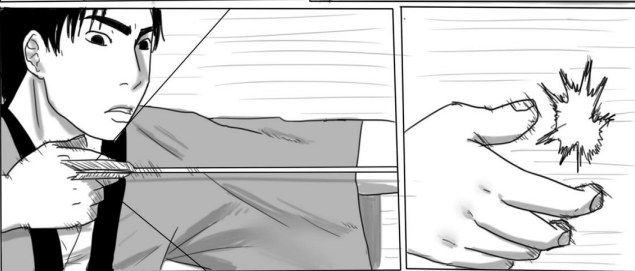
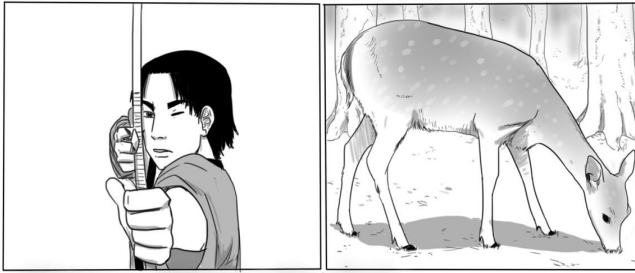


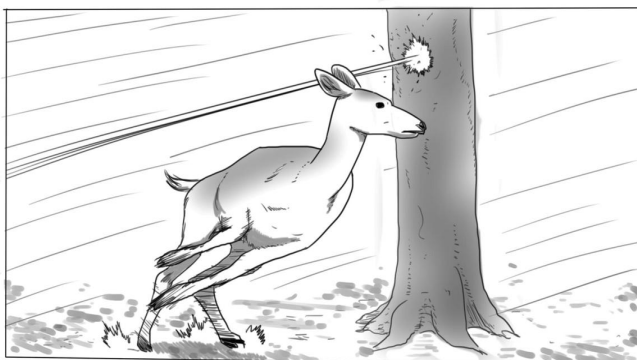




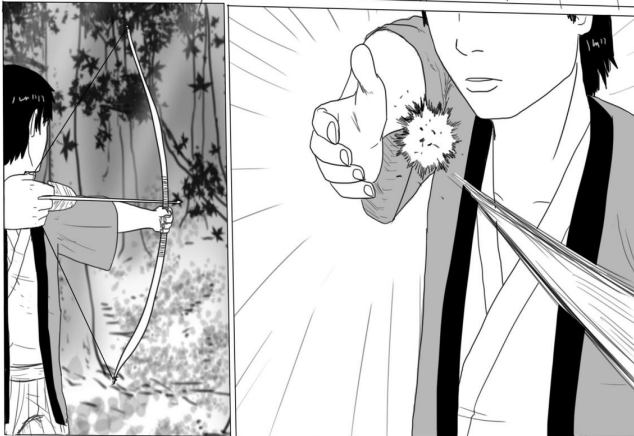
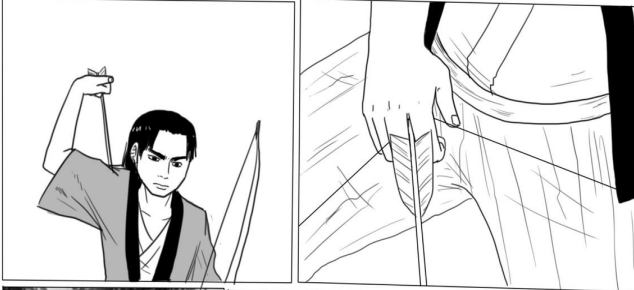


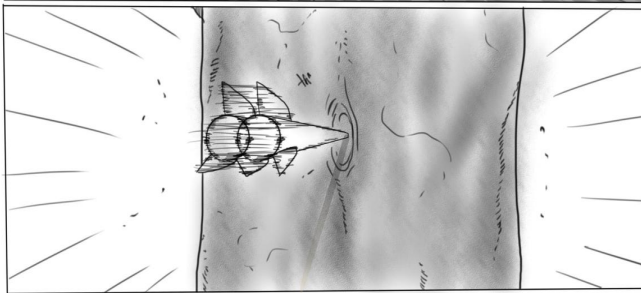
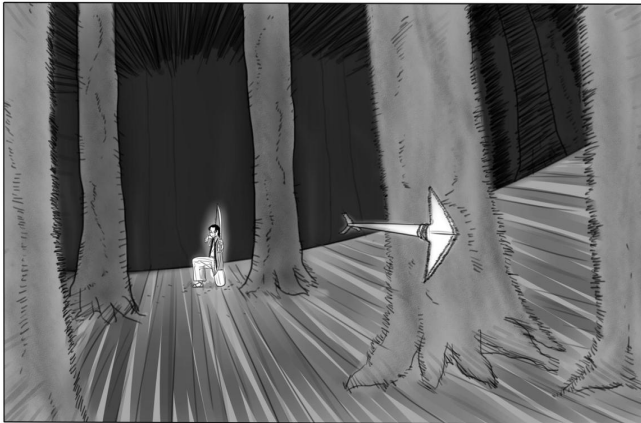










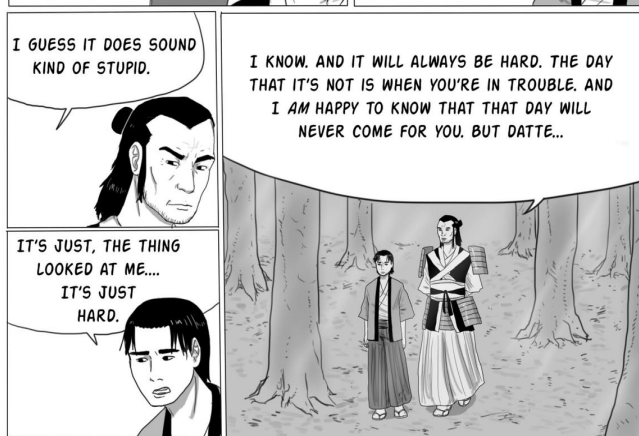
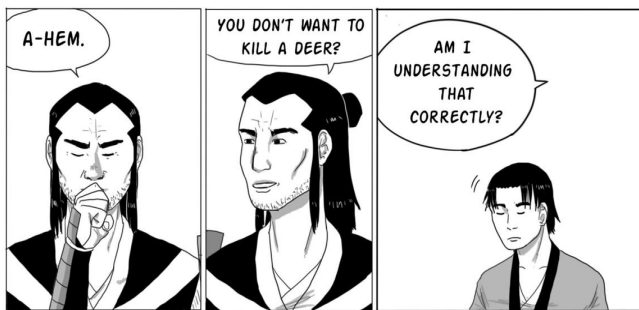


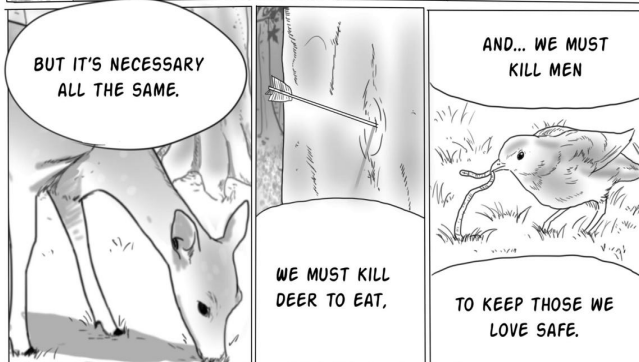
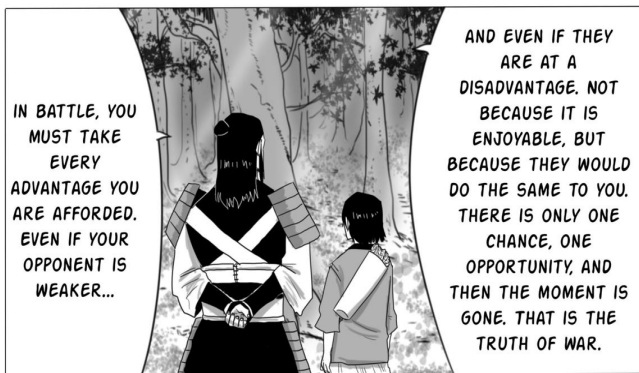
SON, WHAT
HAPPENS TO A
SOLDIER WHO
SHOWS MERCY
ON THE BATTLE
FIELD?









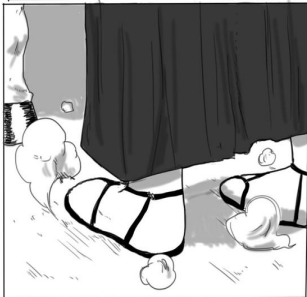


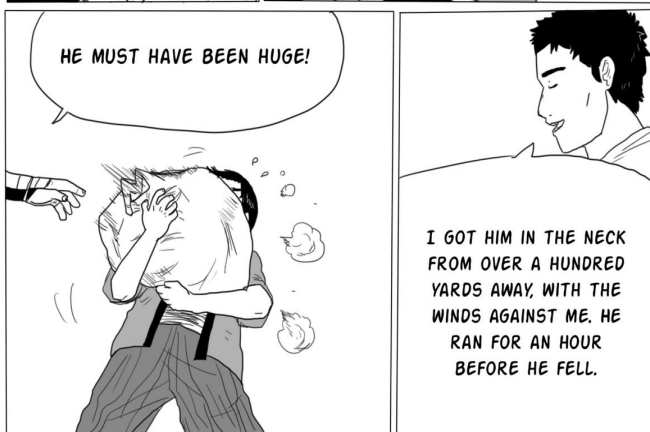
THAT IS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SAMURAI.

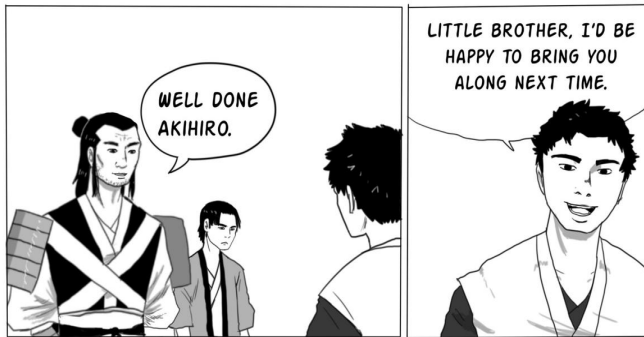




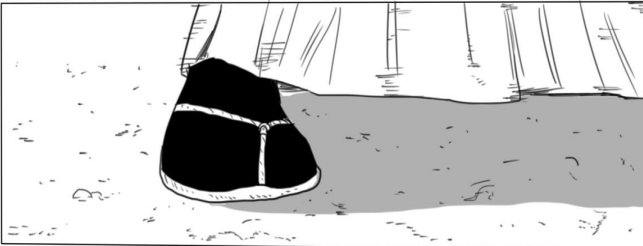
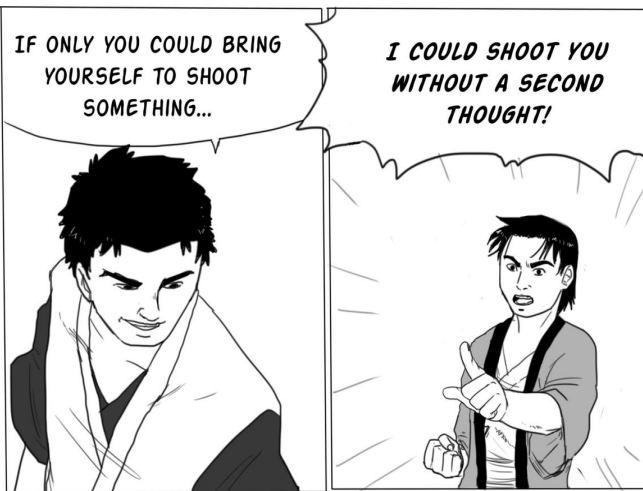






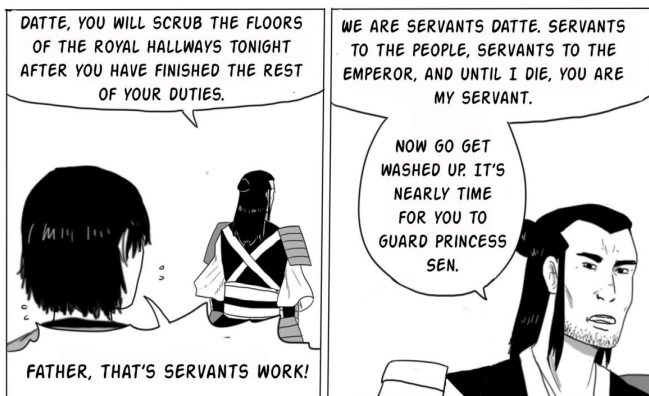


















ACHOO!!



I THINK IT LOOKS BETTER.



THE MASTER GARDENER IS GOING TO KILL ME. THAT TREE WAS THREE-HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

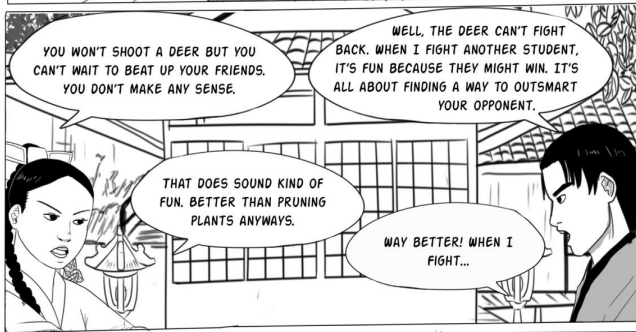
OH. WELL, IT WAS DEFECTIVE THEN. IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HUGE BY NOW.

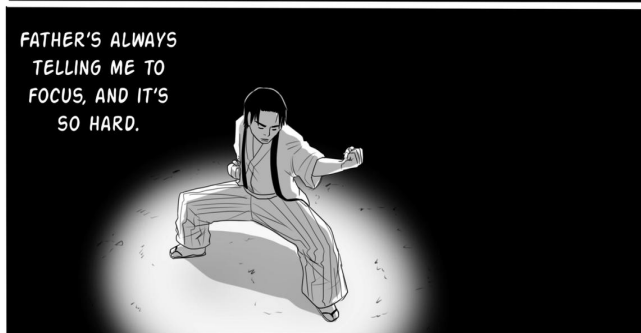


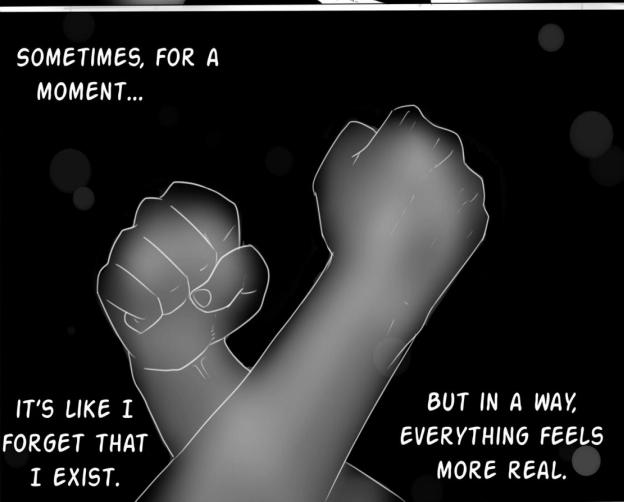
IT'S A BONSAI TREE. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THAT SIZE.

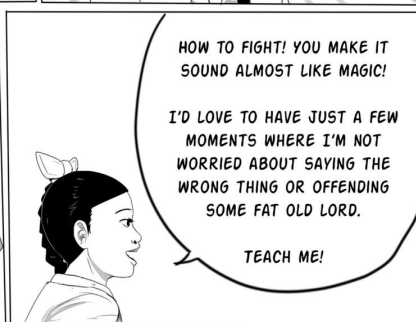


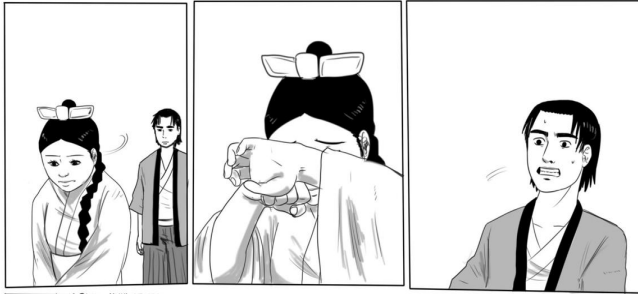
I KNOW, I WAS MAKING A JOKE.

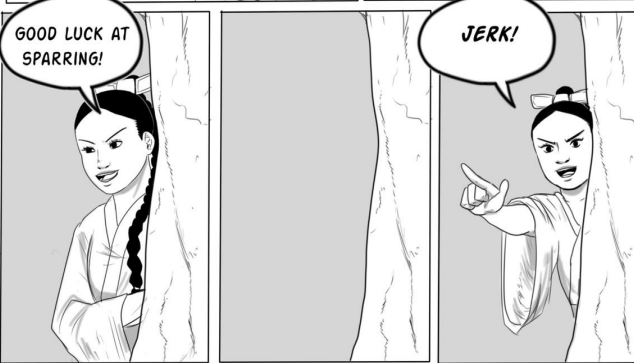








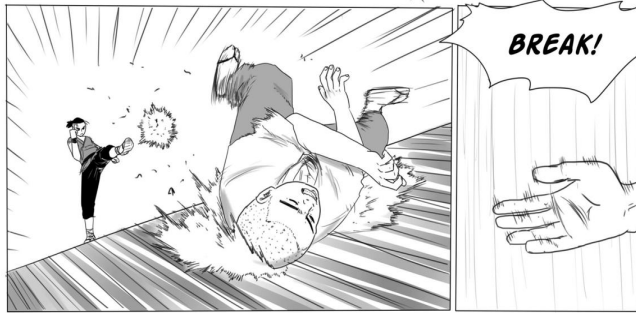






HMM. RIKU USED TO BE THE WEAKEST IN THE CLASS, BUT NOW HE'S KEEPING UP WITH HARUTO. COME TO THINK OF IT, I CAN'T RECALL THE LAST TIME I SAW THAT GUY NOT DOING SOME KIND OF HARD TRAINING. MAYBE NEXT TIME I SEE HIM RUNNING I'LL JOIN HIM INSTEAD OF THROWING ROCKS AT HIM..

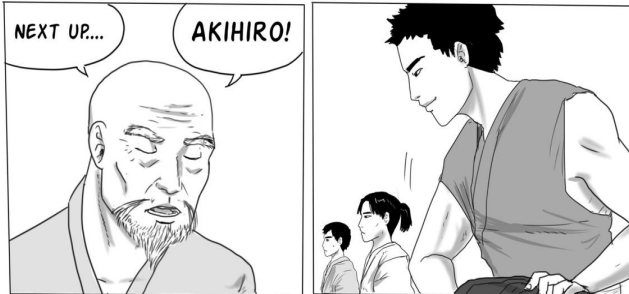


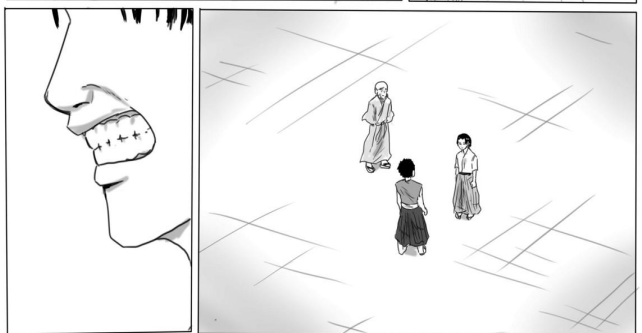


BREAK!

RIKU IS VICTOR. HARUTO,
NEVER RETREAT STRAIGHT
BACKWARDS. YOU BECOME
PREDICTABLE, AND LOSE YOUR
ABILITY TO CREATE NEW
ANGLES OF ATTACK.

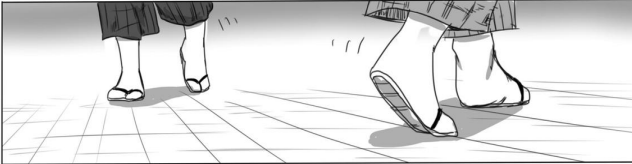


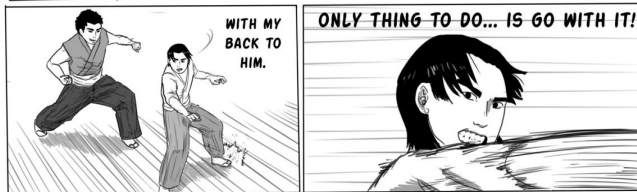
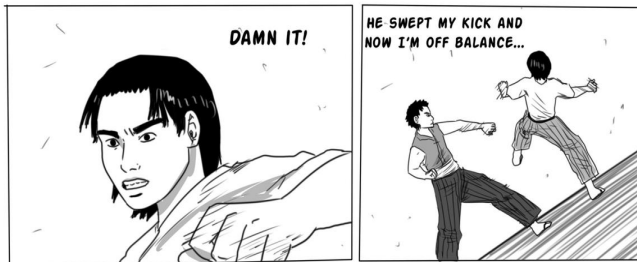


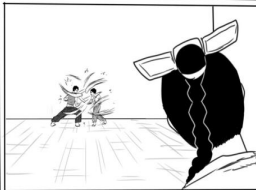










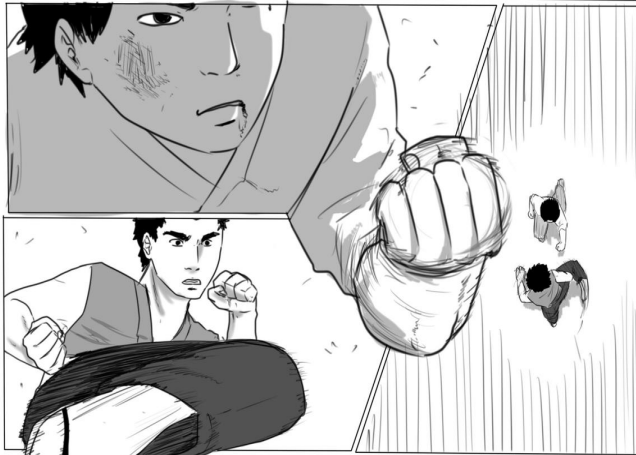




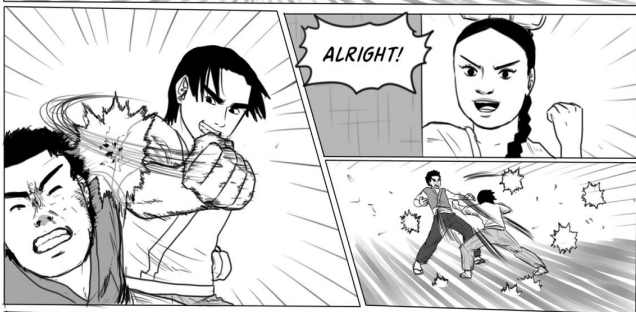
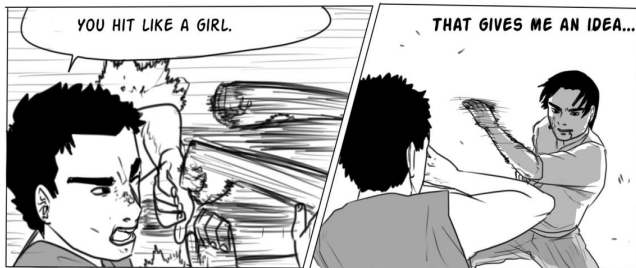


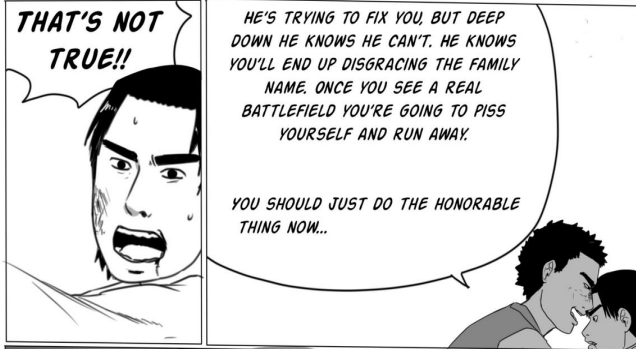
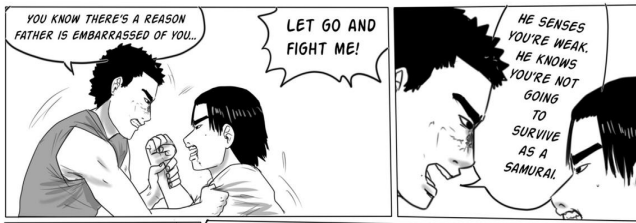






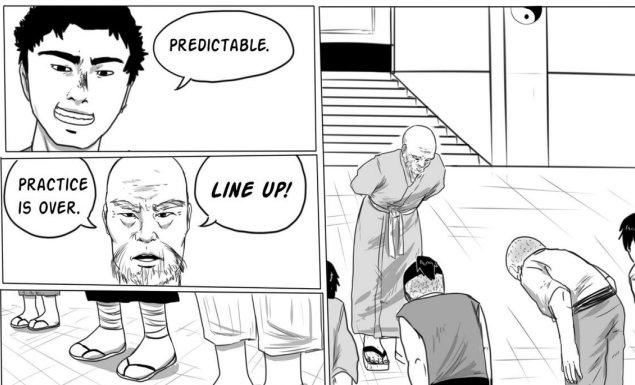




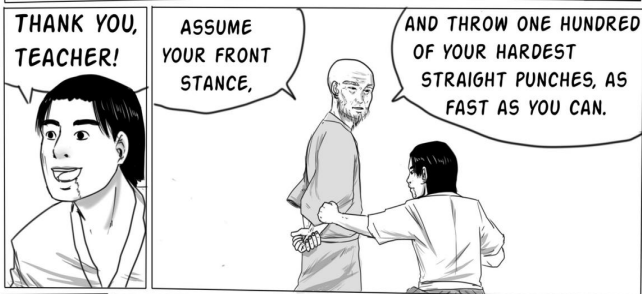
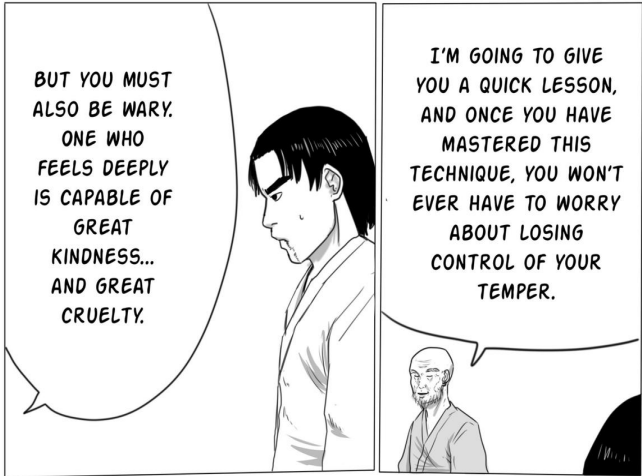


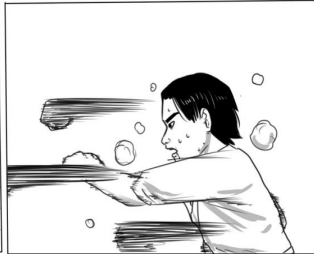
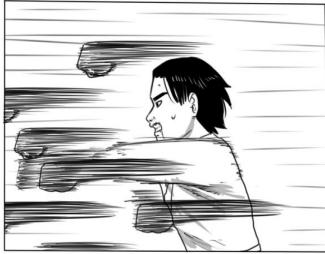




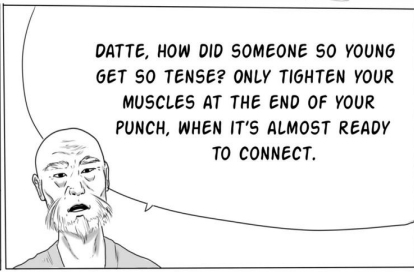








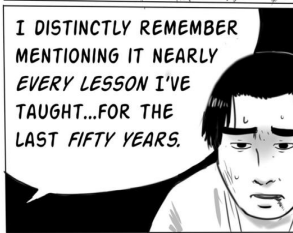
STOP. RELAX.



DATTE, HOW DID SOMEONE SO YOUNG
GET SO TENSE? ONLY TIGHTEN YOUR
MUSCLES AT THE END OF YOUR
PUNCH, WHEN IT'S ALMOST READY
TO CONNECT.



YOU KNOW
THIS.



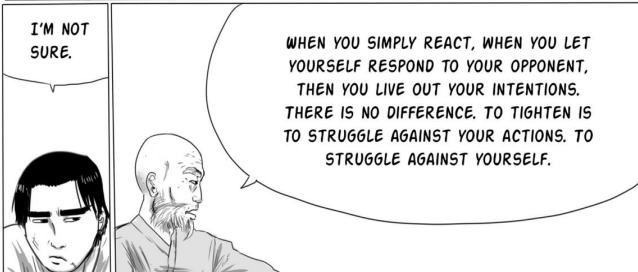
I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER
MENTIONING IT NEARLY
EVERY LESSON I'VE
TAUGHT...FOR THE
LAST FIFTY YEARS.

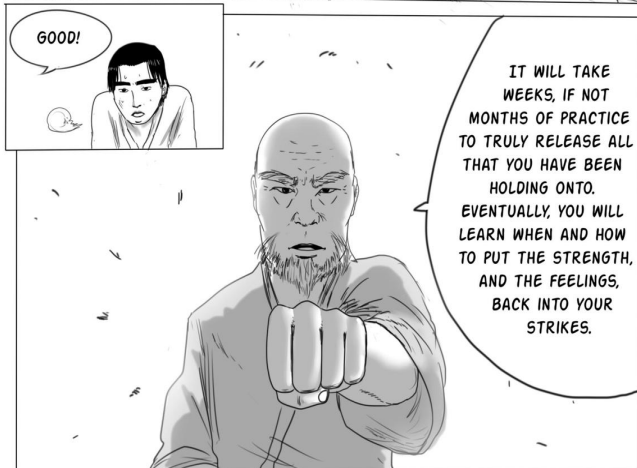


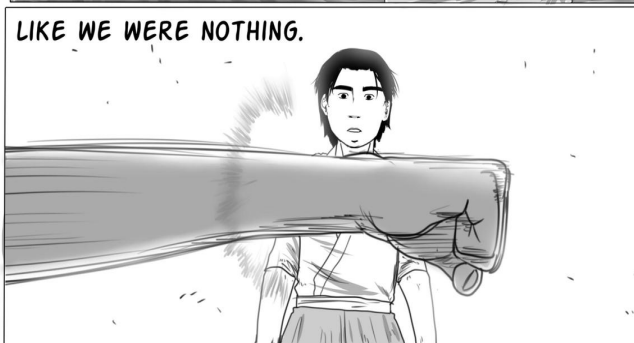
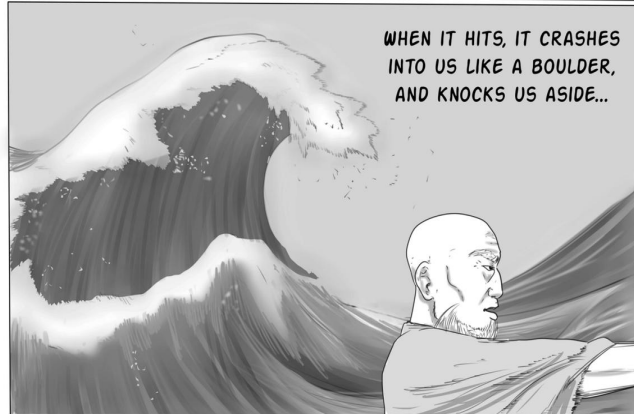
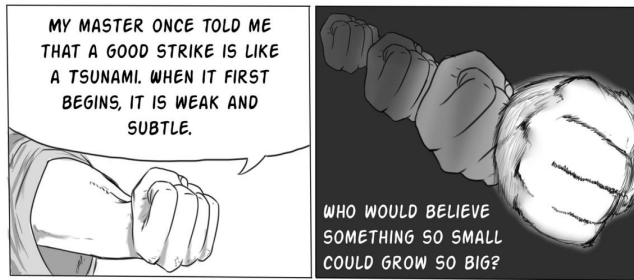
I UNDERSTAND
MASTER,

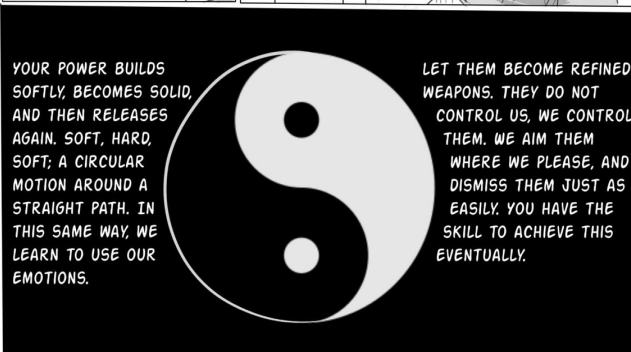


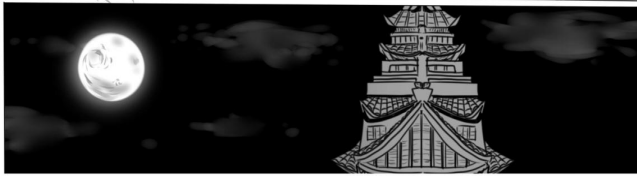
**BUT HOW WILL A FORM
CORRECTION HELP TO
CONTROL MY ANGER?!**



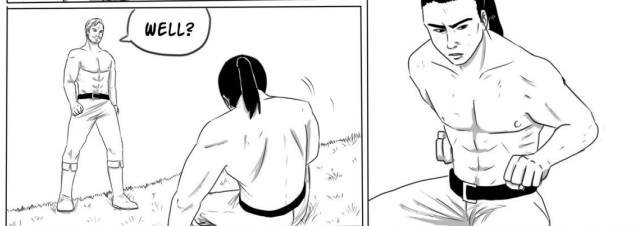
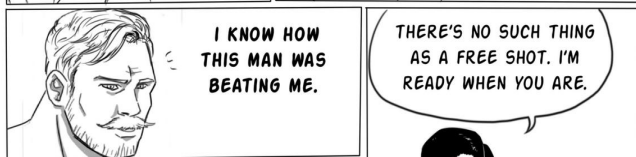
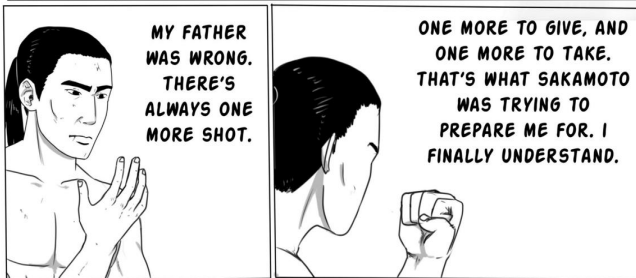




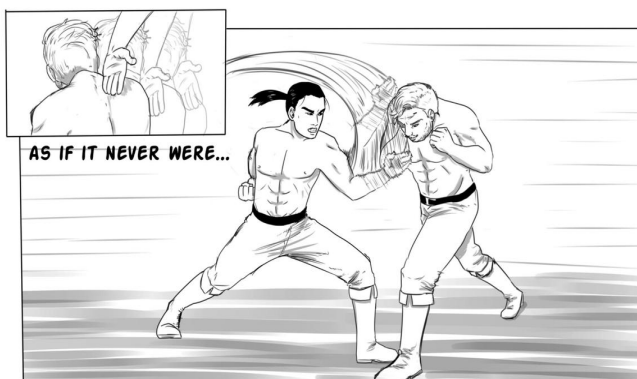












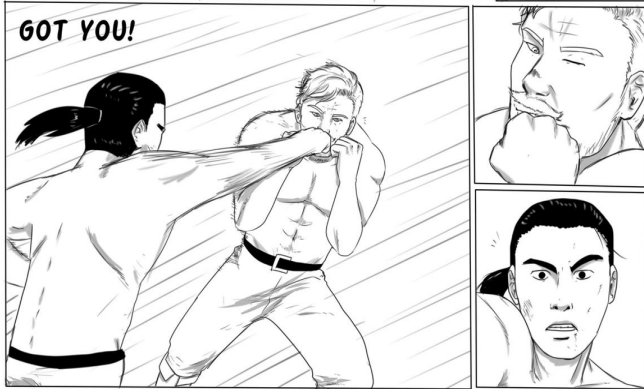
I WAS TREATING EACH PUNCH
LIKE IT WERE MY LAST. MY ONE
AND ONLY CHANCE. MY BROTHER
GOT ONE THING RIGHT. I CAN
BE TOO PREDICTABLE.

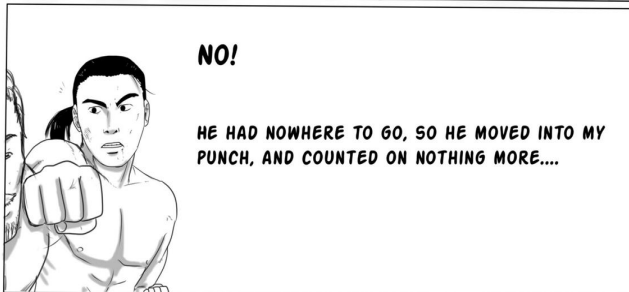


BUT I CAN ALSO LEARN FROM MY
MISTAKES.



I WON'T THROW MY HARDEST. I'LL
GIVE HIM SOMETHING SOFT AS A
FEATHER...





NO!

HE HAD NOWHERE TO GO, SO HE MOVED INTO MY PUNCH, AND COUNTED ON NOTHING MORE....



THAN A QUICK
TURN OF HIS
HEAD TO SAVE
HIM!



THIS MAN'S INCREDIBLE...

BUT SO AM I.

HE'S TRAPPED IN PLACE FOR A SPLIT SECOND.



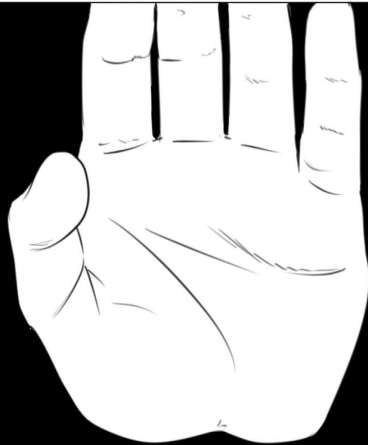
IF I CAN
JUST
BLOCK HIS
ESCAPE...

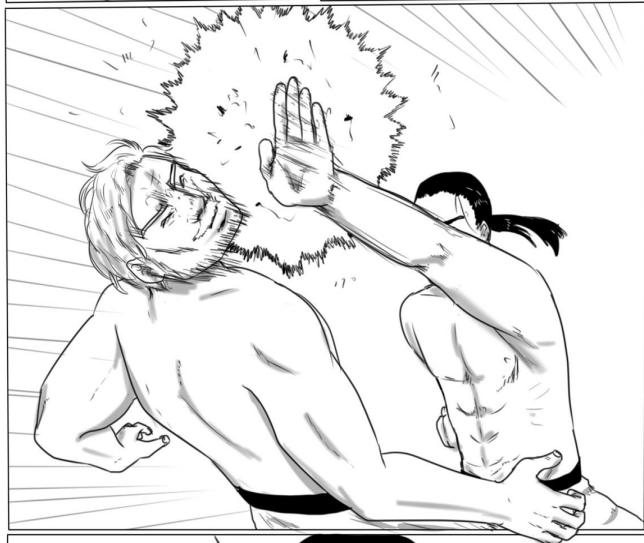
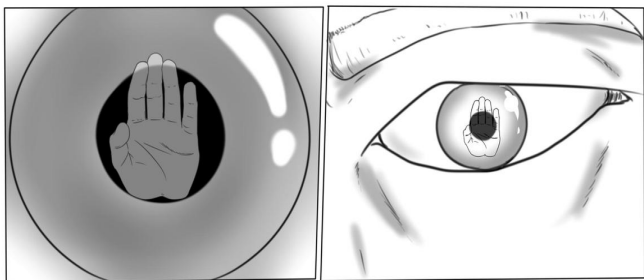


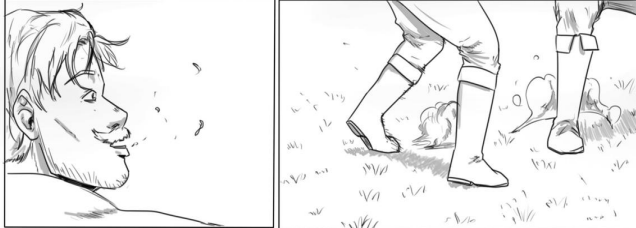
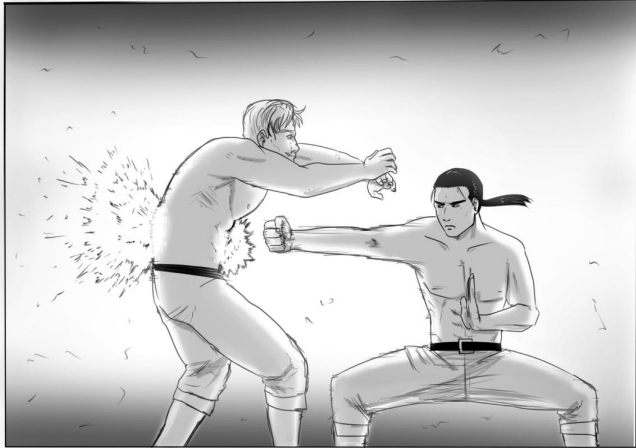
HE'LL NEVER
KNOW...



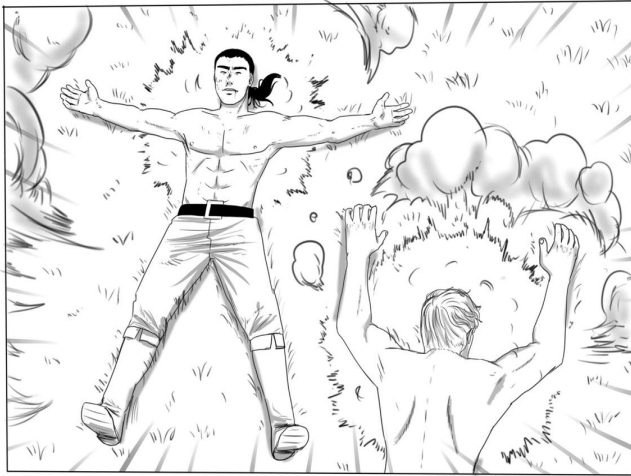
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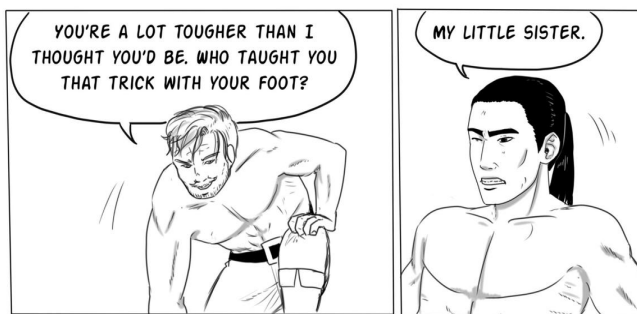


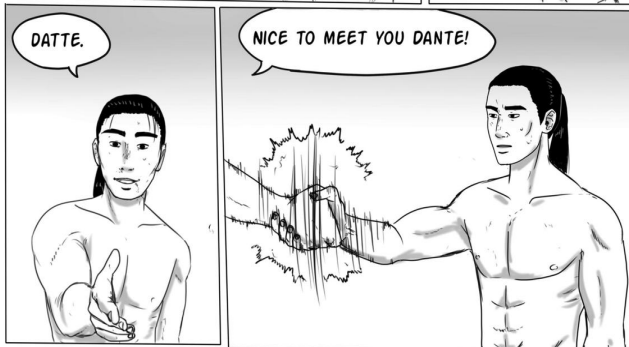
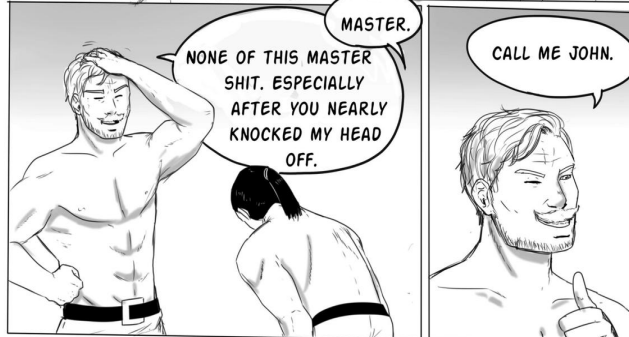
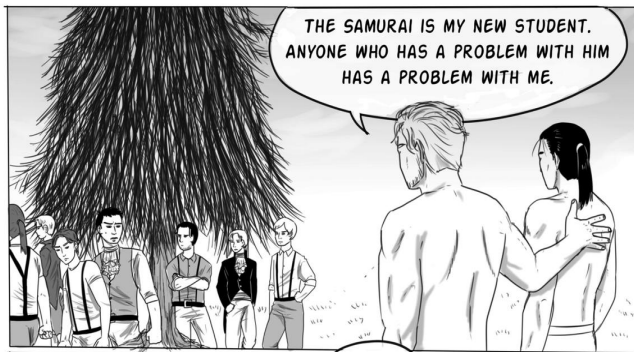


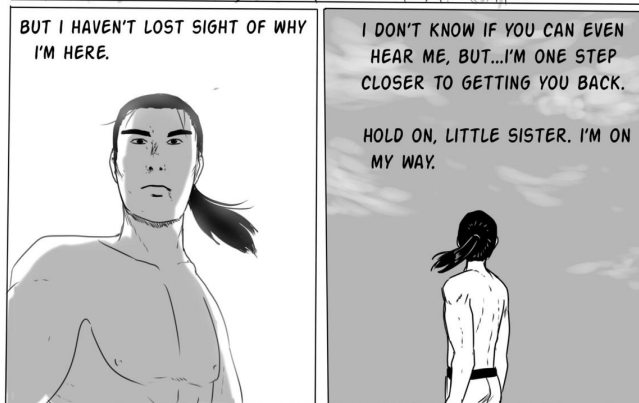
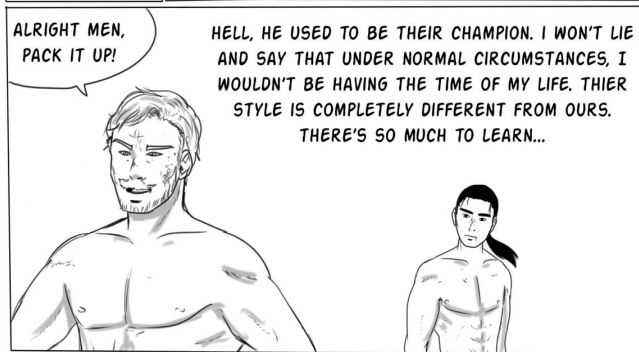
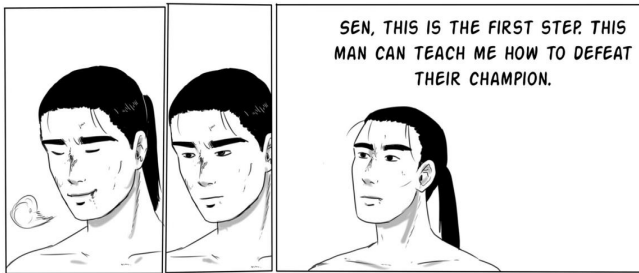












Thank you for reading, stay tuned for part 2!

We hope you enjoyed Mortal Weapons! If you have any questions, suggestions or things you would really like to see in part 2, please share with us at TheMMArts@gmail.com

If you enjoyed Mortal Weapons, please leave a review!

A positive review really helps to spread the word and informs people about the comic. We hope for as many people to see this as possible, so please review, share and spread the word.

It's all thanks to you...

It is insane that we get the chance to make a graphic novel, and it's all thanks to you. We appreciate all of the support, and can't thank you enough. So one more time, thank you guys for allowing us to live a life-long dream. Thank you thank you thank you thank you!

